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ESL220-2/Keys Stahl

June 22, 2011

Descriptive paragraph

Draft 2

Exceptions in our life

Working in a social place mean observing and serving thousands people every day, and you cannot think about each person’s problem and help them, because all that you need is doing your job without any distractions. It is acknowledged that each rule has an exception. My exception was Christina O’Day from the Rhode Island.

It was an ordinary day. I was working as usual at my office. I worked in a system administrator position at internet club, and it was the end of that day. I started to close the office, we usually close at 7 p.m., but there was a woman, who needed an internet access. I tried to explain that it is a rule and I have to close this place, but she was keeping a silence. Finally I acknowledged that she is a foreigner, actually she’s an American, her name was Christina. After a while I decided to stay longer, because I could imagine how it is important to communicate with your family. We were talking and I got to know that she had to be in Kazakhstan, and the reason was adopting a Kazakh child.

She had a long way to achieve this great aim, to adopt and make happier one little poor kid, that was left by his 16 years-old mother. She faced a lot of problems in Kazakhstan, everybody were cheating her in prices, because she was a foreigner and had no idea how much everything costs. Also she had problems with transportation, because our city is pretty big, and it was hard for her to find necessary places. I was observing that pity situation, and decided to take her problem under my control. I did not have a special interest in her, I just wanted to help a woman who really loved that child. She crossed thousands miles, spent 4 years waiting the permission for adopting. I wanted to make her life easier.

First of all I solved her problem with expenses. I went with her shopping, and we bought some food and clothing at that places where it was cheap and qualitative. I let her know and taught how to avoid buying in places where products would be overpriced.

Secondly, she used to live alone in a huge apartment in the center of our city. That was more expensive, even three times as expensive as it must be. I suggested her to live in my apartment with me and my grandma for free. We had a lot of fun while she was living with us. We were exchanging our traditions and sometimes cooked Kazakh national food that she liked a lot. My grandma did not understand a word, so that they communicated by using a body language to contact when I was at office.

Next was our trip to the city where I was born. My parents live there and I was pleased to introduce them my new friend. My family supported and cheered her a lot, because we all know what is like to be a stranger in another country, where everybody wants to use your hard situation and get a profit from you.

Finally, she went through her problems, and last year she received a permission to adopt a baby. When she was leaving back to America with her little son she said: “I would like to thank you for your help, support and friendship during my journey to Kazakhstan. You are lovely person, both inside and out, and I pray that your dreams will come true.” Her words were a great honest gift, and it is priceless to listen those words that were said from the bottom of her heart, and I will never regret about that evening when I broke the rule and stayed with her.